

Territorial Harvest

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,

THE

Festival Campaign.

AUGUST 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

WAR CRY



VOL. III. No. 8. [WILLIAM BOOTH,
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, AUG. 14, 1897.

[EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner for North-Western America.]

Price 5 Cents.



'OH WRETCHED MAN THAT I AM, WHO SHALL DELIVER ME OUT OF THIS BODY OF DEATH? ROMANS 7:5



THE ACTS OF AN APOSTLE

IN A CONTINENTAL CARNIVAL.

(The following appeared some time ago from the pen of Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, under the heading of "A Salvationist's Luxuries.")

W E SALVATIONISTS like luxuries — of a certain sort. Don't we? It was my lot to enjoy during the dozen days of which I write, a dozen of the greatest luxuries which it is possible for man to taste at the end of this century. At Nico I had to cross the track of the "Petroleuse" again, and do some literature sales in the Gay City; but it had been delayed at another town. I found it was the eye of one of the greatest of the Carnival days. A supply of the special "Petroleuse" Number of "The En Avance" had arrived at the station. What a chance! To-morrow the city would be given over to the "good King Carnival" — a gorgeous scarerow king, twenty feet high — and all his gay procession. Twenty thousand masqueraders, in every conceivable caricature costume, would run riot through the streets, and fight ten thousand battles of confetti. Giant cars, high as a two or three-story house, would parade the city. Oh, that my comrades had arrived in time and that we had been there to seize the chance of testifying for God in the midst of this scene of the wildest human folly!

But the Lord, Who does not give grudgingly, thus gave me the luxury of going alone for Him, in uniform, amongst these multitudes, with my Salvation paper. And it so happened that this luncheon was one I had got up with great care, especially adapted to the French crowd. I had a fairly good sale for three hours. But, what was better still, I did not meet a person who did not seem to understand the precise meaning of my uniform, and on what King's business I was there in opposition to King Carnival. I came out of the confetti ordeal better than I had expected, though these little cement pills do sting terribly when dashed in handfuls in your eyes; and, of course, I could not wear the usual light wire visor. I might have been taken for a mock Salvationist. Scores of men and women, with sacks full of these pellets, were selling them to the crowd.

The gentleman solemnly reproved me in the name of religion, for my degrading it by coming there with my paper. But he seemed to have forgotten completely for the moment his grotesque costume of red, and green and yellow, and was dumb when I ventured to point to it and suggest that my dress and errand might at least be as religious as his at that moment!

Another gentleman, to whom I sold a paper, came next day to see the "Petroleuse" (then arrived), and finding us in a little hawker's note (at No. 211, a day for board and lodging), expressed surprise, and bought, for twelve francs, our publications.

I cycled off next day to visit a lady, the story of whose conversion from black infidelity, through a fortnight's stay in an Officers' Quarters in Paris, was told in "All the World" two years ago. She is slowly dying of consumption now, and it was grand to hear her pray: "In the face of the universe, oh, my God, I can say that Thou hast saved me," and tell so simply how she had been led to Christ — she an ex-Infidel of Catholic origin — by a poor, dying Protestant girl, who had sought the shores of our dear initial France for her body's sake, and had

found there her soul's embarkation-place for Heaven. Ah, that "pastoral" eye-visit of mine was a luxury! The room was poor and bare, contrasted with the gorgeous castles and the waving malures of the landscape; but oh, what sweets are like those of Jesus' grace, and what elms are so sunny as that of His smile! Bless His name for ever!

Next day, it was my privilege to "cycle, in uniform, round the circle in front of the Monte Carlo gambling temple, and through its grounds, all requested to "move on." When I did so, I felt the Spirit "move me" to write a poem against Monte Carlo, and witness against that abominable evil which has cursed so many human hearts. The verses came rushing through me so quickly that I had to get off my bicycle in the main street of Monte Carlo and buy a penny note-book to keep them down.

Being in very poor health in France and Switzerland, I was on the way from Marseilles, via the Riviera and Italy, to the Levant, commissioned by the General to reconnoitre some of its ports, in view of new openings, and at the same time to profit by the sea air. But at Nice the conviction dawned upon me that, as my departure for the East was not of immediate necessity, and as also the day of our beloved General's arrival in London was at hand, I ought to return for his important meetings, and definitely trust God to restore my health.

It is truly a luxury to feel that, when all plans are changed by the Lord's calls, one's will is in that liquid state which enables it to flow at once, unobscuredly, into the new vessel of present circumstances, and to accept the new path. To this luxury was added another, that of feeling myself authorized by Christ to commit my body to Him, and to Him alone, for strength that restoration in presence of new and seemingly impossible duties. And never have I enjoyed taking a seven hundred miles' third-class ticket so much as when distinctly called to do so in faith from that Nice station. It is a bit of testimony I give here. The Lord can impart life and strength to the body. However else would the General, the Chief, the Marché, and so many others, so ahead?

Passing along the Rhone Valley to Lyons, I looked out at the road along which Chaslerio tramped with the determined purpose of assassinating President Carnot. A question arose in my mind, "Have I so far yielded to the passion of Divine love that I am already ready for anything in saving effort as he was in destroying energy? Do I love as furiously as he hated?" And I dare not deny that the answer was in the affirmative. May I confess it? I was conscious — and am so I write — that not only my heart contained nothing contrary to perfect love, that Christ had sanctified it and made it "clean," and that it was the "peace that passeth understanding," but that all fear of men and all fear of all events had gone — drowned in the blue ocean of His love. Who doeth all things well. It was a luxury to feel that a Christian can have a passion at least as strong and restless as a Caserio.

Monday night, in the vast Albert Hall, thronged with ten thousand souls, I had the luxury of seeing the normal nineteenth century antipodes and an antidote to the Nice Carnival. In the one was made visible and tangible the infinite variety of the forms which love and saving



Land Slide near Roseland, B.C., which killed several men.

wisdom can take in its effort to rescue men from the mad carnival of sin, and from its backwash of hideous misery and filth.

The Two Days with God were times of grace indeed. I have been fourteen years in The Salvation Army, but never have I heard the General speak with more Divine authority and spiritual power than during these days. The silence which hung over the grand audiences was often intense, so deep was the attention. The current of Divine feeling was mighty. A spiritual thermometer let down into that hall would have shown a very high degree of power.

The claims of the Kingdom of God were urged with a force that swept, vivid, five hundred souls over the barriers that had hitherto arrested their progress. The responses, the rush of assent, that rose and burst through the building, were often like a thunder-clap. And that midnight march through Tin-cadilly's gay inferno — eight hundred strong — led by the General on foot, and the midnight meeting of one thousand five hundred in Exeter Hall, where all the varieties of sin and worldliness, gloved and groveling, were assembled — how shall I describe the luxury of love? It was Heaven to get right into the heart of this hell, where yet there is hope.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, truly Thou dost grant the "hundredfold" in luxuries also to those who have left all inuries for Thee! And all Thy luxuries are Love!

HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

August 22nd.

THE TRUE VINE.

John xv. 1-15.

The parable of the vine is a very beautiful picture of the way in which Christ's followers are connected with Himself. It shows how the "hundredfold" in luxuries the Lord and His people — as strong as the tie which binds the branches to the vine.

UNFRUITFUL AND FRUITFUL BRANCHES.

The unfruitful branches of a vine are those which, despite all the care and labor which has been bestowed upon them, bear no grapes.

The unfruitful members of Christ's Church are those which, notwithstanding the love and patient treatment of their Saviour, run wild and do not bring forth in their lives the fruits of true Christianity.

The unfruitful branches of a vine are those which, though they may yield some fruit, they do not bring forth in their lives the fruits of true Christianity. They are those who have left all inuries for Thee! And all Thy luxuries are Love!

On the other hand, the fruitful branches of a vine are those which, though they may yield some fruit, they do not bring forth in their lives the fruits of true Christianity. They are those who have left all inuries for Thee! And all Thy luxuries are Love!

The fruitful branches of a vine are those which, though they may yield some fruit, they do not bring forth in their lives the fruits of true Christianity. They are those who have left all inuries for Thee! And all Thy luxuries are Love!

ABIDE IN ME.

After being so absolutely certain that we are united to the True Vine by the Blood

of Christ, which makes us clean, we must be careful to abide in Him. We can only bear fruit — bless others by our lives, win souls for the Kingdom, and by our righteous characters bring credit to His saving grace so long as we abide in Him. We must be in constant communion with Jesus, and look carefully that we sin ever cuts the connection between our souls and our Heavenly Source of all good.

Further on in the chapter Christ tells us that the way in which to abide in Him is to keep His Commandments — not us be careful to obey every one of them in detail.

Disobedience is sure to sever the soul from the True Vine, whereas so long as any man, woman or child obeys implicitly, and because they love Him so much, the commandments of the Lord in every detail, no temptation shall be strong enough to take them away from Christ.

Christ gives a beautiful promise to those who abide in Him. He says that their petition shall be granted. Those who are in constant and close touch with Jesus will be guided as to what to look for, and, asking in faith, their prayers will be answered.

FRIENDSHIP WITH JESUS.

To those who by obedience abide in Him, the Lord gives a beautiful name-friend. Something higher than servant, dearer than follower. He has in store for those who love and serve Him faithfully — He will let such be His friends. And in this beautiful friendship every boy and girl may have a share. There is room in the great heart of the Saviour for many, many little friends.

PRECIOUS PERSECUTION.

Christ bids His faithful followers not to be astonished at persecution. The world hated our Master — it will hate us. But even the persecution is another sign that we are His, and so has its value of joy and comfort to our souls. The world only smiles upon those who live in its pleasures and for its fleeting worth.

QUESTIONS.

1. What are the fruitful and unfruitful branches of the True Vine?
2. What becomes of them?
3. How may we abide in Christ?
4. What promise is made to such?
5. What name does Christ give to His faithful followers?

MEMORY TEXT.

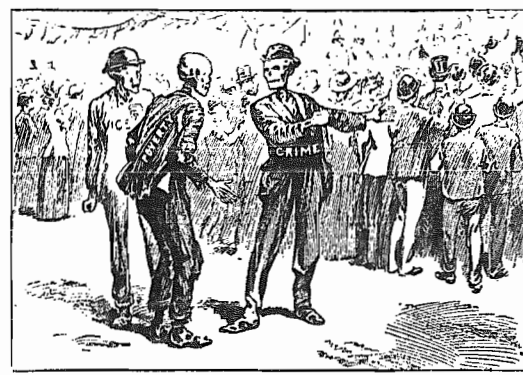
"If ye keep My Commandments, ye shall abide in my love."

A Queen's soldier, who had fought and been wounded in the battle of Tel-el-Kehr, knelt at the Temple pestent-form and sought a clean heart to love.

"I am just getting the 'Red Ric' home to use, and as they only sell the good ones, have to be cut off from the vine — just so the soul that does not bear fruit cut itself off from the other branches and from Christ, the True Vine."

On the other hand, the fruitful branches of a vine are those which, though they may yield some fruit, they do not bring forth in their lives the fruits of true Christianity. They are those who have left all inuries for Thee! And all Thy luxuries are Love!

A JUBILEE CARTOON FROM THE SOCIAL GAZETTE.



DIME TO THE POOR AND VINE? "Everybody seems folly, but if they think we're done with them they make a big mistake."—Social Gazette.



The Scott Act in Charlottetown, P. E. I., has been repealed.

Sedney, Australia, has the largest town hall and the largest organ in the world.

Preparations are going on in Toronto for the great W. C. T. U. Convention in Toronto.

Toronto has been visited by Dr. H. G. Guinness, Jun., the famous Congo Missionary.

Only Canadians are being employed in the construction of the Crows' Nest Pass Railway.

The standing cross in Ontario have been injured by the recent storm of rain and wind.

The City of Chicago taxes vehicles from \$1.00 a year on a bicycle to \$12 a year on an eight-horse vehicle.

Dr. A. Fleming, of the Brandon (Manitoba) Sun, speaks strongly on behalf of the Yukon trained nurses.

A large number of persons are reported to have been injured in an earthquake, which occurred in the Arno Valley, Italy.

The Globe and the Star have named Mr. John Charlton as a suitable Lieutenant-Governor for the Yukon Territory.

Two hundred British soldiers have been authorized to build the Cassiar Railway, the only northern route in British Columbia.

The fact of the greater Republic of Central America has refused to recognize the United States Minister recently appointed there.

Twenty-one firms of manufacturers of bicycles in England have joined an anti-player's Federation in opposition to the striking Englishmen.

Tatna, daughter of Count Leo Tolstoy, the famous Russian Social Reformer, will marry a Russian nobleman.

Dr. J. D. Porter, a prominent physician in Chicago, has committed suicide because his wife persisted in riding a bicycle in spite of his objections.

A five-year-old girl, while sleeping in her bed at Westford, Conn., was so badly bitten by rats that several stitches were necessary to close the wounds.

Three thousand Hunan soldiers are reported to have been killed in the field of battle in a conflict with an army of fanatical Manchurian soldiers.

The Colonial Office, London, has warned intending gold-seekers that it will be useless to start for the Klondike before Spring, as the journey is only possible in Summer-time.

Great fears are entertained as to the effect of the recent strike of miners in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, Pa. The trustees on guard at the mines are fully armed.

The Secretary of War at Washington suspended the execution of the order for the military execution of the Russian soldier who was shot for deserting over to Alaska on the boat sailing 5.00 Seattle on August 1st.

It is said that Japan has been sending hundreds of soldiers to Honolulu, Hawaii. The emigrants were provided with arms, ammunition and military stores.

The British Government is about to spend \$250,000 in adding to the Navy for the purpose of building a fleet of 100 money four new cruisers and some larger fast destroyers. It is constructed.

The C. P. I. is considering the construction of a line from the Yukon to Alaska Landing, a distance of about 100 miles to connect the water route via the Mackenzie River to Klondike.

The British forces fighting at Port Maitland, near Hartley, South Africa, captured the Krupp of the noted Chief Smith, who was slain. Between 400 and 500 of his followers were taken as prisoners.

Gov. Dr. Brown, one of the most accomplished ministers of Melbourne, Australia, died on 8.00. He was a member of the Army, and had been nearly an hour in St. James' Square Church, Toronto, recently.

One of the worst wrecks in the history of the Central Pacific Railway occurred on July 20th, six miles from the town of Nevada. The wreck was caused by several tons of rails. Several persons were killed.

Alderman Spence, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, says the Police Reports show a reduction under the operation of the Scott Act in convictions for drunkenness of 20 per cent.

The President of the United States has appointed John I. Hittner, Missouri, and an 8.00. The Governor of the State of Missouri has appointed, Three Rivers, Quebec, St. John, N. B., and St. John, N. B.

An Ottawa police-keeper recently sold beer to two minors. The boys went swimming and one got out of the water. The other was killed. The police-keeper was charged with the death of the boy and the fact that the drowning was due largely to intoxication.

WHO SHALL DELIVER?

"Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS IS NOT MERELY the cry of an individual, it is the despairing heart-cry of our whole self-centred humanity. Deep in the consciousness of the race, and almost co-equal with its very existence, is the CONSCIOUSNESS OF GUILT, out of which springs the cry for deliverance. The mankind where you will, whether amongst its most highly cultured peoples or among those degraded barbarians whose centuries of savagery have developed the passions and dwelt the more acute, all the individual lives the life of a brute, there is blood in worship before a fetish, there is the same CONSCIOUSNESS OF GUILT and the same almost despairing wail, "Who shall deliver me?"

A cry so universal could not be unheeded. Have men tried to answer this great cry for deliverance? Let the military system of error, those nations which command the allegiance of the greater part of the human family today answer. Huge monuments, those, of the attempt to set from sin and its consequences, to righteousness, and its rewards.

But have they succeeded? See you poor Hindu. Following the prescription of his religion, he has his arm raised above his head—it has been so for years. When first he put it in that position, he was as perfect an arm as yours and mine, but he has persevered in his effort after deliverance, and now it is a withered, discoloured, bloodless thing, from which all capacity for usefulness, for good or evil, has been gone. Or, take the mother who has taken her babe to the Ganges. She is a woman with a mother's feelings the same as those we meet every day in our own favored land, but the Ganges, and when perverted into a wrong course may occasion the greatest crimes. This poor soul is an instance. See! she steals down to the water's edge. She takes a hot fond look at her infant's innocent face, mother's love that yearns to save the child, stifles the convulsive sobs of her bursting heart, and notwithstanding the alligators are lying near—she, the little innocent child, surrenders to the "Will of her body." Is there deliverance? Will so great a price win it?

Nay! The very individuals who seek the most earnestly will acknowledge that even such sacrifice is utterly undelivered, "wretched," and guilty, still undelivered.

Passing from systems of error to the truths concerning Christianity will not their earnestness diminish? Let experience declare. There are to-day multitudes who repeat the Apostles' Creed (Nicene) and believe every sentence of it as firmly as they believe that Jesus Christ invaded Britain. They feel that the Creed is true, though they have never been round it to prove that it is so, and yet by their own confession, times without number, the cry of their hearts, "never mind, so long as you are a Christian, and more especially in the sentence that the head of this article. The most correct creed does not make the holder of it a Christian, in any real sense.

Coming from man in the mass in man, the individual, we may ask, "Where is there one but in his heart knows right well that this is, or has been, his right cry, too, "Who shall deliver me?"

Paul, who knows human nature all

the way up from barbarism to the polished civilization of Greece, and knows all guilty to be bond-slaves of sin, and guilty before God, freshly stirred, too, with the recital of experiences which culminate in this impassioned cry—before making his grand announcement of a Deliverer, shows, with his vivid Oriental imagination, on a familiar scene of the Roman pearl system, and at a stroke of the pen portrays the condition of the individual who, in respect to his higher nature, is alive to the claims of the law of righteousness upon him, but in respect to his lower nature is carried past his good resolutions by the current of his passions. "This body of death" brims the mind of his Roman readers at once, the scene depicted on our front page, where a living prisoner is chained to a corpse and undergoes all the chain-some and revolting accommodations pertaining thereto. Reader, have you ever fought your besetments, fought to be free, but fought in vain? Then you understand something of the reason for this strong metaphor Paul uses. Glory to our God, though systems, creeds, penances and self-inflicted punishments and slightly individual struggles fail, there is an answer to the latter cry for deliverance—"Who shall?"

Too often men, in their search, have overlooked that personal vocation, "Who?" their efforts, crystallized into language, might rather have been "I shall deliver!" and, conducted with his own self-centred existence, it has generally been on the lines of what he could do that mankind has sought, and where he has imagined he succeeded, the result has been that he has taken all the glory to himself for saving himself, and thus, through pride, removed himself further from his God than ever; but it takes a PERSON—another one outside and above the sinner to deliver, and that one, on the testimony of multitudes spread over the past thousand years, gathered from all ranks—from Queen to criminal, including sinners cursed with a vile heredity, blighted by devilish-hospital environment, and proud leaders of a crowd of more big, these all bear witness to that great truth. "There is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus." It is JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!

Reader, you know the story of God's love to man as displayed in the Cross of Jesus Christ. That very same Jesus declared to be a Saviour. Has He saved you? Can you join in the triumphant exclamation, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death," or is your plaint still that of "wretched man," and your cry one for deliverance from this present state of things? If it be the latter, will you go to Jesus? All oaths will fail you? Will you go to Him? Never mind HOW He does the wonderful work, go to Him, yield yourself to Him, and as your Lord and your God, believe He will save you. Faith is not doubt; no, then, through faith and patience, his millions of others, shall inherit the promise of Salvation through Jesus Christ, and shall be able to say in respect to both the world and the devil, "IN ALL THESE THINGS I AM MORE THAN CONQUEROR THROUGH JESUS CHRIST MY LORD, WHO LOVED ME AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."

One passenger on the steamer "Escudador," last of the company, from many's feet leaving San Francisco to connect with the Yukon River steamers the day after tomorrow, has secured a ticket for which he had only paid six pence. Many other big sums were offered by individuals anxious to get to the Yukon.

Three railways are being hurried on in the west of the continent. The most important part in the opening up of the continent, one is the strategic line down the Snake Valley, another is the line to the Nevada, and the third is the extension of the Canadian Pacific. The Birmingham gun trade has not been so active for ten years as it is now. In fact, the Birmingham firm has an order in hand for 10,000 Martini rifles for the Boer Government. Orders

are also being executed for the British Government, the latter orders for the British settlers in Cape Colony and Natal.

A Secret Commission has been set on foot by the Department of Agriculture to investigate the possibility of Siberia becoming the wheat-growing rival of the United States. The Russian Government is willing through Siberia will be open for traffic in 1900. The United States, if the czar is capable of raising wheat crops, the exportation of the United States will be in imminent danger.

Cosmopolitan Personalia.

Staff-Captain Plant has been transferred to the British Home Office.

Major Harry Taylor has been appointed Social Secretary for Australia.

Commissioner Nicol represented the General of the Berlin Congress, July 28.

Commissioner Booth-Harding has conducted two days' campaign in Switzerland.

Major A. B. Fisher, late of the Territory, is Financial Secretary Melbourne Headquarters.

Cape Town II. has had an international demonstration conducted by Commissioner Mrs. Rhodes.

Scores of Officers have gone down under the very bad weather in the Midland Channel, which has caused the death of Miss Kate Comstock, the religious lecturer at York Sunday Press, reserves part of a column each week for Army notes.

The New York Sunday Press recently devoted a column to Salvation Army officers in Australia, and an Australian officer in the United States of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Booth.

Adjutant Charles one of the eldest Staff-Officers in Australia, and an assistant for a number of years, was discharged to his home in Australia.

Since January last of this year, there have been 25,365 persons recorded at the penitentiary of the Salvation Army in the United States.

Commissioner Nicol, the British Editor-in-Chief, has lost his little daughter, aged four years, through diphtheria. The Commission was away from home at the time at the Berlin Congress.

Chief Secretary and Mrs. Higgins, with Major Norton, and twenty Officers in the Army, but exclusively the President, conducted a week-end campaign at Mount Hebron Camp, near Trondheim, N. I. The troops were sent.

Commander Booth-Tucker has been travelling on a private trip, kindly supplied by the Santa Fe Railroad. He has visited Illinois, Kansas, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and other States, in the interests of his great Canadian work.

Commander Booth-Tucker has had an interview with President McKinley, Vice-President, and the Secretary of Agriculture, and has been invited to each of the gentlemen seemed interested in the Army, but especially the President. Speaking to the reporter of the Kansas City Star, he said:

"My idea is to form a National Colonization Council, to be composed of competent men all over the country, and put into their hands the general management of the Army. It is a practical one. St. Louis, Kansas City, and Chicago should join forces in the work. It will affect the whole nation. There are just as many poor and needy people in California as there are in the East."

The Kansas City Star had the 5th. The Editor of the Kansas City Star had the 5th. The Editor of the Kansas City Star had the 5th.

The Salvation Army has no creed, but that doesn't matter so long as it contains a rule which is to his honor, his women and children, colonize, it is men and women on fruitful lands and in the midst of the world, in the slums. The churches have plenty of time to hug and caress the world, and the Salvation Army has no time to do so.

In the British W. C. U. under the title of "Characteristics," and number 13 of the series, "Commissioner Nicol," the Editor of the British W. C. U. has submitted to a character sketch in which the Editor of the W. C. U. is an up-to-date journalist and efficiently conversant with his administrative work. The Editor of the W. C. U. Staff principally to be able to speak with weight on Army affairs.

LOOK OUT
FOR
GREAT UNITED
ANNIVERSARY
MEETINGS
IN TORONTO,
Sept. 10th to 16th.

Ontario
Aug. 28 to 31

The Motto for the Harvest Festival Campaign is "The B

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WAR CRY

"THE BEST YET."

THAT THE FAITH of our War-
rior leader, the Field Commis-
sioner, is with respect to the
great Territorial Campaign—just
about to commence may be judged from
the motto chosen by her. If this be made
the motto not only of the Campaign, but
of each INDIVIDUAL ENGAGED IN
THE CAMPAIGN, there will be such a
fight and such a victory as will surely
justify both the faith of the Field Com-
missioner and the exhorting out of such a
high-sound motto. Our thousands of friends
across the Continent, will, too, we feel
sure, respond to Miss Booth's appeal
as they have done on former occasions,
and help make up a Harvest Thanksgiving
total worthy of our King and the
great work He has called us to.

FRAGRANT COMRADESHIP.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD which
die in the Lord," and blessed are
they who sympathize with those who
are bereaved. Miss Wiseman has moti-
vated the sympathy of comrades, and
sends us the following letter:

Barrie, Ont.

Editor War Cry:—

Kindly thank all Officers and Soldiers
who have so kindly remembered me in
this dark hour of mine—as I am still un-
able to answer the many wires and ac-
cepts. I appreciate their kindness and
sympathy very much. Elnora's last
wire was so true to God and the
Army and meet him in Heaven.

Faithfully Yours under the Flag,

MRS. E. WISEMAN, Enlistee.

Latest from Brigadier Read.

On Train, July 31st, 1907.

Paint, but pursuing. Finished glori-
ous campaign. Owen Sound. Sixteen
souls. The town aroused. Fearful late
passage to Manitowish Island. Terrible
storms. Plague storm. Sixteen souls
and reception at Little Current.
Town band serenaded us. Indians all
on fire. Sang several selections. Chap-
lain Wilson and Lieutenant Hendy
leading things. Mrs. Read addressed
meeting at Collingwood. Just off to
Burlington for weekend. Oh, for a
harvest of souls!—L. O.

Bring ye all the tithes into
the storehouse, and prove
me now herewith, saith
the Lord of Hosts, if I will not
open you the windows of
heaven, and pour you out a
blessing, that there shall
not be room enough to re-
ceive it.—Mal. iii. 10.

THE GENERAL IN SWEDEN.

Seventy-one Seek Salvation in a Rain-
storm.

A VICTORIOUS FINISH to the Fin-
land Campaign. At Stockholm, where
The Army had an exhibition, The Gen-
eral addressed four thousand people in
the Exhibition Building, at which thir-
ty-nine came out for the pardon of their
sins. At Soderstige ten thousand people
were present at the open-air meetings.
Although torrents of rain fell, seventy-
one came out for Salvation, thirty of
whom knelt under umbrellas while they
prayed. Flery Councils were held. Faith
high for the future. The General's
health improving.

AMERICA'S MESSAGE

TO THE GENERAL

At the Crystal Palace Demonstration.

[CABLED.]

To GENERAL BOOTH,
Crystal Palace.

American Comrades with you to death
for the world's Salvation.

THANKS.

THROUGH the mercy and love
of our dear Lord, it is our
grateful joy to announce that
we are again in fighting trim.

We have had rather a lengthy and
trying series of sickness, but in view
of God's goodness to us and the many
kindnesses bestowed upon us by our
Comrades from the Field Commissioner
downwards, we feel we cannot do other
than publicly express our extreme thank-
fulness to all.

It was a great comfort to be assured
from so many by letter or verbally of
their sympathy with and prayers for us
while passing through the furnace. God
bless you all.

We have reported ourselves ready for
actual warfare in any land or clime, by
night or day.

Gratefully,

J. E. and P. MARGETTS.

HAMILTON'S MAYOR,

CHIEF OF POLICE,

And other Prominent Citizens Welcome

Adjutant and Mrs. Burditt.

ADJUTANT and Mrs. BURDITT
have had an extraordinarily good
welcome to Hamilton. The fol-
lowing clippings from a long re-
port in the Hamilton Spectator will ex-
plain the idea of how representative and en-
thusiastic their welcome has been.
"The United Corps of the Salvation
Army" in this city met at the steam-
boat company's wharf last evening at
7.15 to welcome their new Officers, Adj-
utant and Mrs. Burditt, and Captain
Rowe, Treasurer, Provost, Captain and
Mrs. Lucy, Sergt. Mrs. Pasmore, and
Sergeant Mrs. Sledman. The band
went to the beach by the Railroad road to await
the boat and greet the Officers. Have
the Soldiers and Band, with col-
ours flying, banners waving, flags, drums
and brass band, formed a ring, and
on the arrival of the new leaders, led
and introduced to Treasurer, Provost,
the Band played "Welcome Home." After
a few tremendous volleys, Sam Landers,
one of the Bandmen, read the following
address:

"To Adjutant and Mrs. Burditt, Offi-
cers of the Salvation Army. Have
been informed by the Local Officer of
your appointment to command the North
to the charge of the Salvation Army in
this city. We take great pleasure in wel-
coming you both a hearty welcome to

this 'the ambitious city' of Canada.
Though you are to us total strangers,
yet we feel safe in tendering you this
welcome, having a personal knowledge
of the good work and sacrifice of your
predecessors in charge of the Army here
for many years, in fulfilling the com-
mands of the Master in aiding fallen
humanity, raising many to good citizen-
ship, and taking the simple Gospel story
into the highways. Trusting your stay
in this city may be very successful in
your noble work. (Signed) G. A. Col-
lough, Mayor; Alexander Smith, Chief of
Police; Rev. A. Burns, President of La-
ples' College; Rev. J. G. Shawar, Presi-
dent of the United Brethren Church;
Ald. William McAndrew, Ald. William
Linn; S. R. Gage, barrister;
A. M. Mackay, General Secretary
Y. M. C. A.

The lightning began to flash and the
thunder fell when the Soldiers gathered
in the two decorated electric cars engag-
ed for the occasion. They had hardly got
started when the rain came down in sor-
rents. But by the shouts and halloahs
within the drawn curtains and the play-
ing of the Band, this did not seem to
dampen the ardor of the happy Salvation-

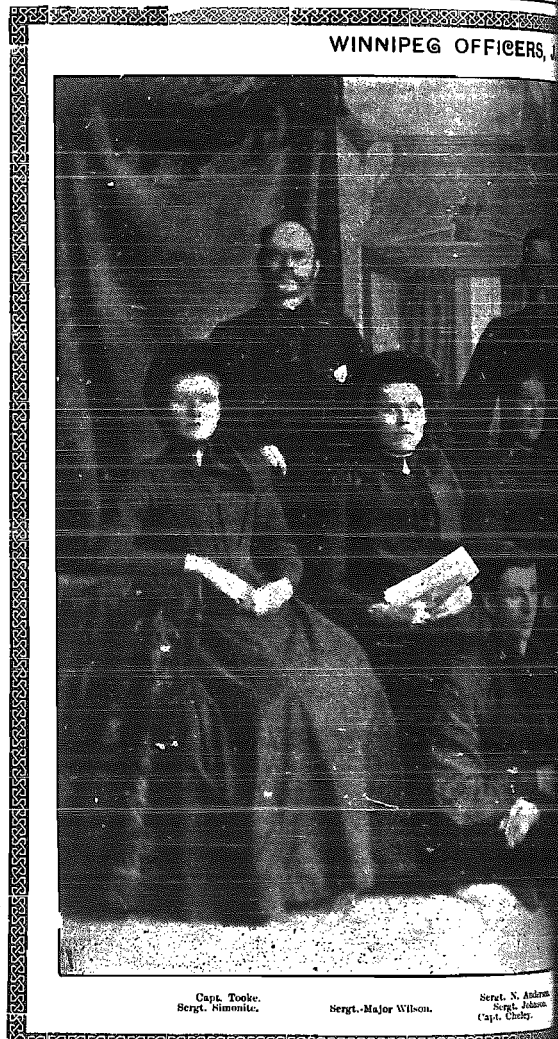
ists, who made the best of the circum-
stances. The run was around the Belt
Line, the Soldiers playing and singing.

After a few words by S. Landers,
Captain Rowe, Adjutant and Mrs. Burditt
responded, expressing their gratitude
for such expressions of welcome, pre-
siding to be all that was expected of
them as followers of the Master.

The turnout was most extraordinarily
large for such a rainy night. Over 50
took the ride on the cars, and the audi-
torium was fairly well filled.

Manitoba crop reports indicate a boun-
tiful harvest.

The "Church Economist" has esti-
mated that not less than \$6,000,000 will be
spent this summer by those attending
the four National Conventions, namely,
Christian Endeavor Society at San Fran-
cisco, the Young People's Baptist Society
at Chattanooga, the Epworth League
at Toronto, and the Brotherhood of St.
Andrew's at Buffalo. Christianity is
good for trade.



While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest,
night, shall

WINNIPEG OFFICERS,

GEANTS AND HELPERS.



Capt. Toole.
Sergt. Simonite.

Sergt.-Major Wilson.

Sergt. N. Anderson.
Sergt. Johnson.
Capt. Chisley.

Capt. Baily.

Capt. Hahkirk.

Ensign Walton.

Sergt. Simonite.

Sergt. Stanbridge.

Sergt. H. Johansson.

Our French-Canadian Field.

Fredericton, N B.

—:O:—
Bill, I Believe You're a Christian.

Glacé Bay, C B

Oakes, N D.

Halifax I.

Charlottetown

Glory in his Feet.

Larimore, N.D.

Collingwood.

Missoula, Mont.

J. H. Frost, Reg. Cor.

Joe Hyatt.

Spring Hill Minors

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

First Insertion.

Second Insertion

"Twenty years ago the subject of temperance was not a part of the Public School course or study, nor was it studied by a single child with a view to practical knowledge of the question. In 1866 there were upwards of 125,000 in the Public Schools and 12,382 in the Separate Schools of Ontario, or a total of 207,077 in all. Nearly one-half of the total school population, representing every child over the age of eight or nine years, were then under the grade of eighth in the subject of temperance. There is not another Province in Canada or in the whole world where the same has been done to the same extent."—Hon. G. W. Ross, Ontario Minister of Education.

12 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

SONGS.

Tunes.—All the storms will soon be over,
R. H. 74; S. M. II, 2; Out of the
crown, H. J. 227, 3.

1 Ye who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read the gracious promise
Which is left upon record?

Chorus.

He will sprinkle you with water,
Sanctify and make you holy.
It will reign and dwell within you,
He will cleanse you from all sin.

Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find
Freedom from unlovely tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.

But be sure to gain the witness,
All is clear and calm within;
God Himself will tell you by it
That your soul is cleansed from sin.

Oh, may every soul be filled
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
It is coming; it is coming;
Oh, prepare, prepare the way.

—10—

Tunes.—Glory, glory to the Lamb, B. J.,
131, 2; Clinging to the Cross, B. J.,
176, 1; Friend that's ever near, B. J.,
26, 3; Only Thee, B. J. 72, 2.

2 Precious Jesus, oh, to love Thee!
Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,
If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

Take my warmest, best affections,
Take my memory, mind and will;
Then with all Thy loving Spirit
All my emptied nature fill.

Hold I touch Thy sacred garment,
Fearless stretch my eager hand;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.

Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul;
It is done, the word is spoken,
"Be thou every whit made whole!"

—10—

Tunes.—The wounds of Christ are open,
B. J., 286, 1; or (for the verse only)
Oh, turn ye.

3 When Jesus first sought me I turned
From His wooing.
Refusing the joy which His presence
Would bring.
But when I was won by His tender en-
treaties,
I loved Him supremely, my Saviour and
King!

Chorus.

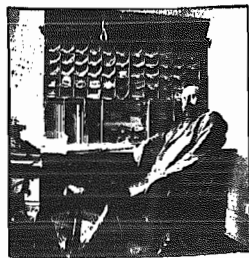
Indeed, I love my Saviour,
He is All-in-all to me,
Indeed, I love my Saviour,
His alone I'll be.

I'm His, and I'll love Him: I'm His and I'll
serve Him!
I'm His, and I'll claim Him to part
nevermore!
Such pleasures life yields me, so fondly
He attracts me,
I feel 'tis my bliss Him to love and
adore!

Each hour of my life I can talk with my
Jesus,
He'll listen and answer, if humbly I say,
"Dear Lord, on what message of Yours
must I hasten,
What errand have you for Your servant
to-day?"

If fettered and bound by the heart-sins
that folt me,
He'll break every fetter and bid me go
free.
For He is the Spotless, the Pure and the
Holy,
And holy, He tells us, His children must
be.

H. A. B.



MAJOR COLLIER, at his desk.

Tunes.—Clinging to the Golden Stairs, B.
J., 286, 1; We're The Army! B. J., 72.

4 We're the Soldiers of The Army of
Salvation
That God is raising now to save
the world;
And we won't lay down our arms till
every nation
Shall have seen the Flag of Blood-and-
Fire unfurled.

Chorus.

We're The Army that shall conquer,
As we go to seek the lost and to bring
them back to God,
And His Salvation to every nation
We will carry with the Fire and the
Blood.

Though the hosts of hell and darkness all
surround us,
And by suffering and temptation we are
tried;
Well we know that not a foe can e'er con-
found us,
While Jehovah's mighty power is on
our side.

Tunes.—In Memoriam, H. J., 308, 3; Bet-
ter World, B. J., 11, 3; Come to Me,
B. J., 102, 2; What's the News? H. J.,
12, 3.

6 The Stream of Calvary's open
wound
Come away!
There's virtue in the Crimson Tide,
Come away!
Your sin will go, your life be bright,
And power you'll gain to do the right,
You'll conquer in the Saviour's might,
Come away!

The Stream of Calvary flows for all,
Come away!
The rich, the poor, both great and small—
Come away!
No soul has ever been denied,
Who came and for forgiveness cried;
Millions have here been satisfied,
Come away!

This Stream will cease to flow one day,
Come away!
There's danger, snare, in delay,
Come away!



AUXILIARY OLIVER, of Newmarket.

AERIAL STORY.

Dad Gloss, CONVICT.

A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE
ROME.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

The Wages of Sin.

"The same," said the manager, sternly.
"And I want to know by whose author-
ity you have proved that wall?"
Archie surveyed the bank manager for a
moment or two with an air of feline
surprise and indignation.

"By the bank directors' authority," said
Archie, in a pleasant tone. "And you
are the cleaner or caretaker, I suppose,
and the wicked directors didn't let you
know about the new side entrance that
they decided to make. Here, there's the
price of a drink for you! Now run away,
as I haven't time to talk this afternoon."
"You are quiet high enough them-
selves," said Archie, turning towards his
"workmen"; "seven feet by three is the
outside limit."

After recovering his breath the bank
manager walked away—run away is more
correct—and made a bee line for the
nearest detective office and gave an in-
spector the facts of what proved to be
the most daring attempt at bank rob-
bery that had ever been committed in
New York. A cordon of detectives march-
ed down to the Transatlantic Bank; but
Archie and his precious comrades were
gone. Their house in Forty-second street
was searched, but without any satisfac-
tory result.

Some days afterwards,

Archie was Arrested

and identified as the "superintendent"
of the bogus firm of contractors who
directed operations against the wall of
the bank.

The companions were never caught;
but Archie was tried, found guilty and
sentenced for twelve years in Sing Sing,
the State Prison of New York State.
"I wasn't long in 'Two Sins,'" said
Archie, "when I dropped upon a mode of
escape. They made me into a fair bust
of burden, slaving about, carrying great
weights. I was strong and healthy, and
took it all in a cheerful spirit."

"One day a convict died in prison.
Laid out the coffin, got inside and push-
ed out. Mr. Warden signs out, 'No. 267,
I'm back, or I'll die!'"
"All right, sonny," I says, "lie away,
you old codger!"

"I got half way across the river when
the coffin got upset, and I was tipped
out."
"I could swim, so I reached the shore
safely, and made tracks inland, pursued
all the time. Broke into a private house
to get some private clothes, and was
confronted by a man, a dog and a gun.
I went back to 'Two Sins' next day,
and the warden let me have another
chance to escape."

After serving nine years Archie was
let out on license. For the first time in
his life he began to reflect and look at
his life. Thousands of pounds had come
into his hands by crime, and as quickly

THE SALVATION ARMY

TRADE HEADQUARTERS

DEALERS IN THE CELEBRATED

JUBILEE TEAS COFFEES BAKING

POWDERS

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ALWAYS REASONABLE RELIABLE PROMPT

HALF-TONE PHOTO-ZINC ETCHING BY THE BEST METHODS

FIRST-CLASS TAILOR-ING

PUBLISHERS OF THE WAR-CRY, THE YOUNG SOLDIER, ALL THE WORLD, & S

WRITE FOR PATENT-TO-CLAPS STAFF-CAPIT JOURNAL-MORN. TRADE SECRETARY

So we'll put our trust in God, who ne'er
will fail us,
And we know that His Salvation we
shall see;
And through all the fighting, those who
shall assault us,
Shall be conquered through the Blood
of Calvary.

—10—

Tune.—My God, I Am Thine, B. J., 117;
S. M. I, 55, 66.

5 My God, I am Thine, what a comfort
Divine!
What a blessing to know that my
Jesus is mine!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! I send the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! I send the glory,
Revive us again.

In the Heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound
of His name.

True pleasures abound in the rapturous
thought of Him,
And whoever has found it has paradise
found.

My Jesus to know, and to feel His Blood
flow,
"His life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

To pray—it then will be too late,
Sinners will cry outside the Gate!
But none can change their awful fate,
Come away!

A thinking man is the greatest enemy
the Prince of Darkness can have.
Caryl.

—10—

"An enthusiastic religious life is the
only religious life that is safe. Energy is
the product of enthusiasm. The self-
preserving power of any virtue is in direct
proportion to the passion with which it
is pursued. A fiery heart creates a self-
protecting atmosphere against the devil.
The discipline of cold hearts lacks self-
sufficient energy. The energy created by our
passion is our defence."

—10—

HOW TO TEST A MAN'S CHARACTER.

1. By his dealings with women and
children and the brute creation. 2. By
what he laughs at. 3. By his expressed
anticipations. 4. By his thoughts in soli-
tude. 5. By what he occupies himself
with when "off duty." 6. By what he
talks most. 7. By the character of his
associates. 8. By the degree of respect
he has for womanhood.

as money came to him by dishonest means as quickly it left him.

For the first time in his life Archie was disappointed with crime, and in his mind he made out a profit and loss statement, and was surprised to find that he stood at an overwhelming loss. At present his financial and moral assets were nil. The wages of crime up to the present had been defeat, and disappointment, and suffering.

But these reflections were only temporary. He accused himself of being reckless and foolish and indolent.

"Crime shall pay," he declared to himself, and he returned to his old life with stronger determination than ever to try and make crime a grand success. Poor fellow! He had suffered nothing yet, comparatively speaking. He had been very fortunate to escape with so few punishments, but he was gradually drifting towards a living death, incomprehensible but terrible in its realism.

CHAPTER IX.

A Bitter Harvest.

"Prisoner at the bar.—After a lengthy and unproductive trial, you are proven guilty of bank robbery and attempted murder.

"Reviewing your past life, we find that you have never been anything else but a most industrious law-breaker, and therefore, it is high time that you received a severe check in your mad career.

"We tell you, quite apart from the moral side of the subject, that if you persist in your insane conduct, the law of the land is sufficiently strong and drastic to satisfy the outraged feelings of your victims, and that material punishment, harsh and severe, is the inevitable

Wages of the Law-Breaker.

"The rigours of the convict prison have utterly failed to reform you: likewise good advice, and the treatment of the law, and therefore remains your painful duty to sentence a young man like you to a punishment which, we hope, will be the means of effectually destroying your criminal instincts, and deterring you from re-embarking on a life of crime.

"Thus have carefully reviewed your past career, and have noted your callous and sneering manner of hearing during the progress of this trial, and we are now determined that you shall receive a severe check. I shall consult with my brother judge, and pass sentence upon you to-morrow morning."

These ominous words were addressed to Archie Sloos as he stood in the dock at the Quarter Sessions at Glasgow. The judge who spoke these words was the same judge who had, twice before, sentenced Archie to separate terms of seven years.

Detractors had risen up against the young man and recited his past history. Altogether the outlook was a terribly black one for Archie, and he was

Removed from the Dock.

a hell of revenge ringing in his breast. After leaving Sing Sing he had gone to Peru on pleasure, and thence to the Cape. He returned to London, and did a little at house-drinking, as his money was running low.

Returning to Scotland, he was only in it six months when he was arrested for the bank robbery and attempted murder. Now he was awaiting sentence.

Next morning the court re-assembled and the judge, looking very serious, said:

"I have consulted with my brother judge, and we have decided upon your sentence."

Fourteen Years' Penal Servitude?

"Thank God," said Archie. "Thank God, you'll be kind when I come back again. Never mind. I've got paid for it all."

The judge severely replied, "If you come here again.—God help you!"

Archie lay in Glasgow three months, then in Winkfield Prison nine months, after which time he was transferred to Portland Convict establishment. Woolwich was no longer a convict depot, and the governor and warders had been transferred to Portland.

"Hullo!"

You Here Again?

exclaimed the governor as soon as he recognized Archie.

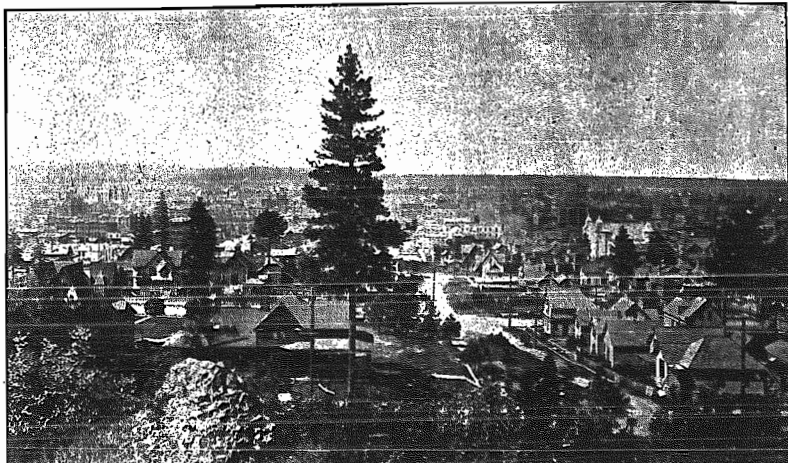
"Yes, sir," said Archie, trying to be affable. "This is my third, though not my fourth, time. If I'd been a careful, money-saving Scotchman, I might have had a convict establishment of my own by this time."

"We'll time you this time," said the governor. "We'll knock all the devil out of you, or kill you in the attempt." Archie was sent to the West Stone Quarries, and placed in a gang, under a warden named Pottinger. The convicts were

Not Allowed to Speak

to each other. Fright silence was one of the most iron rules of the establishment. But in spite of this the convicts "talked" to each other all day long! This was accomplished by

"The Language of Stones."



SPOKANE, WHERE THE ARMY'S PACIFIC HEADQUARTERS IS SITUATED.

By systematic tap with their hammers on the stones that they were hewing out they could converse very fluently. The English alphabet with several letters struck out, served their purpose.

The following is a typical "conversation" in phonetic style, tapped out on the stones whilst at work:—

"Hiv u in hr bfr?"

(Have you been here before?)

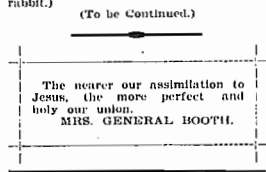
"Waits like chins ging away?"

"Thoud to on. Shuts at add gns. Shit fl do k rbi."

(What's a fellow's chances of getting away?)

"(Thousand to one. Sentries have loaded gns. Shoot a fellow down like a rabbit.)"

(To be Continued.)



The nearer our assimilation to Jesus, the more perfect and holy our union.

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.



ADJUTANT BYERS,

In charge of the work at Kingston, Ont.

Our trials are the greatest earthly sufferings, and our greatest blessings. The love of esteem and popularity is one of the strongest passions of the human heart, and has drawn more from Christ's Kingdom than all the trials we can enumerate. Our troubles and trials here help to test our character and show how much moral integrity and real worth we have.

—Amos.

"If God chastises us by affliction, it will only be a mark of our displeasure."

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

(To be Continued.)

Scotch Janet.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

SIN is everywhere and at all times the same. It exalts the woe of innocence from the spirit and inculcates the bitterness of death. It brings gloom into the chamber of the soul and drives the sunshine of peace.

Janet tried to shake off the phantom which had seized her, but in vain. She would give herself to reflection and then feel her blood run faster in her veins and her heart grow hot with a new, a terrible, yet, dreadful sensation—a thirst for revenge. She had been betrayed, deceived, seduced by the fair and cunning promises of Sandy Falconer. Her womanhood turned to loathing at the recollection and in the strength of a resolution to have vengeance Janet Fronsdel exerted herself once more to dress and resume her day's work.

While doing so, her eye fell upon part of a newspaper which George Mason had asked her to read. In bold, striking type were the words, "The wages of sin is death."

"Oh, God!" she sighed, "I never knew the meaning of those words until now. This, then, is the wages of my folly. What shall I do?"

CHAPTER V.

It is necessary, to a due appreciation of Janet Fronsdel's future, that we should explain here how George Mason came to be specially interested in our heroine. Mason was a native of the thriving agricultural village of Huntly, and an active member of The Salvation Army, although at the time our story begins, not a fully-uniformed one. His upbringing was not propitious. His mother died while he was young, and his father, who betook himself to drinking, neglected the training of his large family, and left them largely to the central and guidance of their own sweet wills. George, however, very early exhibited signs of the possession of a strong will and a wide head, and before he was twelve years of age could read the Scriptures with ease, which was a great acquisition in those parts. Considering his circumstances, Mason's progress in education was remarkable, and formed the theme of many envious talks on the part of Mason's neighbours. They would say, "Look at George Mason! He reads like the minister, and keeps himself like the son of a laird. George will make a mark in the world."

But at the time our story begins George was far from realising the good neighbours' prophecies. He was struggling with poverty in the capital of the North, living in anything but a respectable lodging-house (for economy's sake), and starving, out of his hard-earned wages, sufficient to maintain his young brothers at their village home in their even harder fight for bread.

George, as we have noted, however, was a Salvation Soldier. He was attracted to The Army barracks after listening to a testimony from a converted dock labourer.

"Two years ago," this preacher of the people shouted, with a voice that could be heard from end to end of the square, "I was a wicked father and a drunken never-dwell. But yonder," said he, pointing to a woman who formed one of a number in a ring of Soldiers, "is my

wife, and she'll tell ye that Jesus Christ has made a new man o' me, and given me a new home, and new furniture, and new clothes. In fact, fren's, everything is new, and it keeps new. It's jist as fresh to-day as it was when I first tasted the mercy o' God."

George Mason, as he listened to this wonderful testimony, thought of his father and his home, followed The Army to its barracks, and that night yielded his soul to God, "not because," as he afterwards testified, "I wanted salvation for my father's sake, but for my own. I did not know till that night that to do any real good work in the world one must be good himself."

Two years after this blessed change of heart, young George Mason was known to us by his protest of his handiwork's carelessness in allowing Janet Fronsdel to become engaged as a second handmaid in the Bull Inn. Now he hears, a few months after this engagement, that Janet had been seen in a state of intoxication in the streets.

"This is all through your cold-blooded disregard of the lassie's future," he said to Mrs. McPherson, on being told of Janet's downfall.

"Ye talk to me, George Mason, as if I were the mother o' the girl."

"Yes; and if you had had a little of that feeling, Janet Fronsdel would not be wallowing the streets to-night. It was you that introduced her to Mrs. Porter."

"And saved her from starvation."

"She had better starved than sinned."

"Oh, that's all very fine, Mr. Mason; but it's only fit for pulpits and Salvation Army meetings. It will no do in the everyday fight for bread."

"Then am I to understand Mrs. McPherson, that you would allow your own daughter to serve behind a public house bar?"

"Ye are to understand naething of the kind."

"Which simply means that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Won't you do something to better the lassie and get her sent back to her country home?"

"No me! I ance tried the part o' the Good Samaritan, but it didna pay, and I'm no gaird to be it on ye, such a fickle beauty as Janet Fronsdel."

"Enough, Mrs. McPherson, I thought better of you. I thought you had a mother's heart and a spark o' feeling for the poor girl that's been led astray; but I'm mistaken. Though, it is, perhaps, not the work a young mat should take up, yet I'll try to find the girl, and rescue her from the clutches of the devil."

As George turned to go door, and descended the stairs, he overheard the handily chuckle:—"George's a good chap, but, like the set he belongs to, a fanatic."

(To be Continued.)

Our thoughts are heard in Heaven.—Young.

It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world, Carlyle.

A cigarette is a small thing, but it does not take many to fill a lunatic asylum.

We like the excitement and go connected with the Salvation War. Nothing can equal it.

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